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THE  
T U N E R.

LETTER the Third.

To be OCCASIONALLY continu'd.

---

—Numero Deus impare gaudet. VIRG.

*I'll publish a third Letter, should I never write one more.*

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L O N D O N :

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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T O  
E U G E N I U S.

S I R,

**S**INCE my last to you, various have been the Revolutions among our Writers.

Some have died away of premature Caducity; whence they came, no-body knows; nor whither they are gone.

The tiny World of *Pall-mall*, like the great one, jogs on in the old Way, neither better nor worse; and of both, good Folks say, there is no Likelihood of Amendment.

One Author has retired universally regretted, to wit, THE ADVENTURER, who has published some as good critical Essays, and of as true a Taste, as I have ever met with. He may justly say *Cursum peregi*, I have perform'd the Duty of a good Citizen.—He retreated from the literary Course with something more valuable than a laurel Crown, the Approbation and Thanks of the Good and Wise.

The Conclusion of his last Number affected me, and was enhanced, by comparing it to that of the last Funeral Oration of the famous BOSUET;—to procure you the same Pleasure, I here transcribe them for you.—



**Oraison FUNEBRE DE LOUIS DE BOURBON,  
PRINCE DE CONDE.**

“ Agréez ces derniers Efforts d’une Voix, qui  
 “ vousfut connue. Vous mettrez fin a tous ces  
 “ Discours. Au lieu de deplorer la Mort des  
 “ autres, **GRAND PRINCE**, d’orenavant je veux  
 “ apprendre de vous a rendre la mienne sainte ;  
 “ heureux, si averti par ces Cheveux blancs du  
 “ Compte que je dois rendre de mon Admi-  
 “ nistration ; je reserve au Troupeau que je  
 “ dois nourrir de la Parole de Vie, les Restes  
 “ d’une Voix qui tombe, & d’une Ardeur qui  
 “ s’eteint.”

Thus do I attempt to translate it.

**The Funeral Oration of LOUIS BOURBON,  
PRINCE OF CONDE ; by BOSSUET.**

“ Disdain not the last Efforts of a Voice  
 “ once known to you ; your Funeral Panegy-  
 “ rick is the last I shall attempt.—Hence-  
 “ forward, **GREAT PRINCE**, instead of weep-  
 “ ing the Death of others, I shall learn from  
 “ yours to sanctify my own. Happy, if warn’d  
 “ by those grey Locks of the great Account I  
 “ have to make of my episcopal Duty, I conse-  
 “ crate to the Instruction of my Flock, the Re-  
 “ mains of a faltering Voice, and Talents al-  
 “ most extinct.”

Thus



Thus finishes THE ADVENTURER.

“ But the Hour is hasting, in which whatever Praise or Censure I have acquired by these Compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal Indifference, and the Tenour of them only will afford me Comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last Paper, will shortly moulder the Hand, that is now writing it, into the Dust, and still the Breast that now throbs at the Reflection : But let not this be read as something that relates only to another ; for a few Years only can divide the Eye that is now reading, from the Hand that has written. This awful Truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten ; for surely if we did not lose our Remembrance, or at least our Sensibility, that View would always predominate in our Lives, which alone can afford us Comfort when we die.

“ JOHN HAWKESWORTH.”

*Bromley in Kent,  
March 8, 1754.*

I'll now divert you from Reflections so pleasingly sad, with a few Quotations from one of our brisk Authors, not altogether so modest as the preceding ; 'tis from him who engendered *the FRIENDS, a sentimental History*.—Don't  
be

be angry; laugh at the three Passages, for they deserve nothing more.

1. "BOILEAU, tho' a FRENCHMAN, could distinguish between *Taste* and *Fashion*."—

2. "This leads me to an Observation or two upon a *Writer* \*, for an Author I cannot call him."—

I would be glad the curious Assertor, whoever he be, would convey to us a clear Idea of this Distinction, by proving HIMSELF THE AUTHOR, and *Voltaire* but a *Writer*.

3. "I shall forbear to urge the Examples of SPENCER and SHAKESPEAR, because I am firmly and *seriously* of Opinion, that no *Frenchman* ever yet was able, supposing him to understand ENGLISH *equally* as FRENCH, to taste the Beauties of either of these Poets."

Here are, peremptorily Limits set to all *French* Understandings and Imaginations, and the Assertor is bashfully towering over them, who, no doubt, understands *Spencer* and *Shakespear*.—Now methinks, EUGENIUS, I see you fret, and damn the Coxcomb.—On the contrary, I laugh with all my Soul—for I love Modesty.—Pray, decisive, peremptory *Writer*, *Author* I should say, deign to permit the depressed flimzy Faculties of *French* Heads to humbly aspire to taste the Mildness of your *Writings*, or rather *Authoritatings*. Pray, Sir, which Term do you chuse?

*Fresnoy's*

\* *Voltaire*.

*Fresnoy's Latin Poem* on the Art of Painting, has by the late Translator been obscured into *English Terminations*. I have been often obliged to apply to the *Latin Text*, to come at the Translator's Meaning.

I had almost forgot to mention another great Loss the Entertainment of the Town has undergone, by a willing Period being put to CHARLES RANGER, *Esquire's Weekly Essays*. From his last Paper, we learned that he laid down his Pen quite satisfied with the Public, and the Public with him.—So happy a Concurrence would have tempted others to continue: But as, in the Opinion of many, it is improbable, that so warm and retroactive a Fancy can prove recreant: The Products thereof, it is hoped, will blaze on us under the Pomp of some new Title; to which *Virgil's* elegant Comparison of the Snake to *Pyrrhus*, may be applied——

*Qualis ubi in Lucem Coluber mala Gramina*  
*Pastus*

*Frigida sub Terrâ tumidum quem Bruma tege-*  
*bat;*

*Nunc positis novus Exuviiis, nitidusque ju-*  
*ventâ,*

*Lubrica convolvit sublato Pectore terga*  
*Arduus ad Solem, & Linguis micat Ore tri-*  
*sulcis.*

VIRG.

So



So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,  
 Who slept in Winter in a thorny Brake:  
 And casting off his Slough, when Spring re-  
 turns,  
 Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns.  
 Restor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent Sides  
 Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:  
 High o'er the Grass, hissing he rolls along,  
 And brandishes by Fits his forky Tongue.

DRYDEN.

The *Connoisseur* is the most spirited and ingenious Weekly Paper now published; would figure, and deserve Applause at any Period of Writing.

The *Entertainer* could not hold it, as the Phrase is.

The Author of the *Hiberniad*, which he calls an *apologetic Sketch*, and as such only it is to be considered, means it by way of Answer to the many unwarrantable Freedoms taken by some worthless Writers against *Ireland*, and its Natives.——

His Method is as follows.——

In the first Section—He fixes the Motives for *national Pride*, which are two-fold—1. The Beauties of a Country. 2. The great Geniusses it has produced.——

In the second Section—He gives a Sketch of some of the beautiful Parts of *Ireland*; and in order to shew some boisterous Poets that he

can harmoniously whine it; or walk in their Stilts when he pleases—now gives them the Sample of an Elegy in the Shade; now thunders on the Mountain-top, and deals down di-thyrambic Torrents: Such as, in the very Parts described, happened about the Middle of last Summer, as we were then informed by all Accounts from *Ireland*.

In the third and fourth Sections, he displays the Characters and various Talents of the Natives of that Kingdom, and gives a Catalogue of some of its most eminent *Geniusses*.

To all who may doubt of his Assertions, he makes use of no *Irish Evidence*, lest, by the *Prejudiced*, they should be accused of *Partiality*.

SIR JOHN DAVIES, an *English* Writer of the greatest Eminence and most uncontroverted Authority, vouches for him, as he proceeds: From whom several Quotations are applicable to the now contending Parties in that Kingdom.

The Work is concluded by a Piece of Poetry, call'd *The Inspiration of*, or APOLLO'S ASSENT to, the *Genius of Ireland*—whether this ASSENT be allusive to the Dispute about *Assent* or *Consent* in passing their Money-Bill, I cannot penetrate into.

The different Effects this *apologetic Sketch* causes in different Readers is whimsical; the Generality of the *English* judiciously conclude,  
C that

that if all the Man asserts be true, why, it is very well.

The over sanguine Part of the *Irish* shake their Heads, and think there is not enough.

To all sensible Readers the Author appears *to have observed* a decent Medium in every Article; and the Merit of the Performance can neither be affected by the idle Exceptions of a certain Brawler of the Tribe of *Cujas*; nor turned into Ridicule by the apish, buffoon Caricaturing of the contemptible *sub-sub-Demi-Momus*. —

As during the last theatrical Session we gave our Opinion of the new Productions of living Authors, let us, this, take a View of the reviv'd *Dramas* of the Deceased—still observing the Rule, to praise where we can, and blame where we must.

The Applause Mr. ADDISON'S *Drummer* has met with, must give Pleasure to all Lovers of *chaste* COMEDY, and genuine Humour. TINSEL is a Lesson for the mis-termed *Esprits forts* of every Age. This Comedy, well acted, will be always sure of Success; when otherwise, the Fault must be in the Performers.

PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS is one of the most elegantly written Tragedies in the *English* Language; and is, perhaps, more entertaining  
in



in the Closet, than on the Stage: It is surcharged with Declamation. There is too little from the Heart in it; and too great a Luxuriance from the Imagination.

THESEUS, to deserve Applause, must look, and act the stern, hoary, venerable Hero, unenfeebled by Years, and executive even in Old Age.—

The chaste HIPPOLITUS requires a Figure and Deportment happily adapted. His Character results from a Mixture of the Heroe; the dauntless Huntsman of Mount *Ida*, unus'd to Fraud: and the noble, disinterested Lover.

ISMENA's Character is a Compound of Love and Generosity, requires a pleasing Form, with a winning, and moving Utterance in the Performer.—

LYCON is a subtle, designing Statesman, devoid of all social Attachments; yet assumes the virtuous Appearance of Friendship, first to the Queen, next to the King, in order to enable him to perpetrate his wicked and ambitious Designs.

An Actress, to succeed in the Character of PHÆDRA, must have a noble Figure, a pleasing Countenance, and expressive; with no small Share of Understanding, Dignity, Feeling, Delicacy, and Execution. In every Gesture of her's, imperial Majesty and an almost heavenly Grace must appear, never forgetting, in her coming on, or going off the Stage, that she is

the fam'd Queen of *Crete*, Daughter of *Minos*, descended from the *SUN*, related to Heroes, Kings, and Demi-Gods; nay, to mighty *Jove*. The Thrones of *Earth*, *Elysium*, and of *Heaven*, are occupied by her Kindred.—She is naturally virtuous, but criminal through a fatal Necessity, as appears from her own Words in the first Act;

—— O righteous Heav'n,  
Why was I born with such a Sense of *Virtue*,  
So great *Abhorrence* of the smallest *Crime*,  
And yet a *Slave* to such impetuous *Guilt*?

And in the same Act where *Lycon* says to her,

LYC. First let me try to melt him into Love.

PHÆDR. No, did his hapless Passion equal mine,  
I would refuse the *Bliss* I most *desir'd*,  
Consult my *Fame*, and *sacrifice* my *Life*.  
Yes, I would die, Heav'n knows, this very Moment,  
Rather than wrong my Lord, my *Husband* THESEUS.

In the last Scene of the fifth Act HIPPOLYTUS says of her, when dead,

HIP. O! had not Passion sullied her Renown,  
None e'er on Earth had shone with equal Lustre,  
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.  
Her *Faults* were only *Faults* of raging Love;  
Her *Virtues* all her own.

PHÆDRA,

PHÆDRA, at her first Appearance on the Stage, is to excite in the Spectators, the Idea of a sublime Melancholy, and tacit Heart-gnawing Anguish.—

These Sallies of a sick Mind

“ Come, let's away, &c.”

and

“ I'll to the Woods, &c.”

are but fugitive Rays of an affected Joy, soon sunk into, and absorb'd by, the prevailing Gloominess of the Mind.—

Therefore no wild Flights, no ridiculous Starts, no dissonant Screaming, no absurd Swinging of the Arms, no limber Sinking of the Hams, no aukward Writhing of the Neck, no disgustful Blubberings of Passion, no Mrs. Tatoo's Stamping on the Stage. Such Proceeding would be abominable, and betray a total Ignorance of the Meaning of the Part.

The Passion of Joy, in these Instances, is but transient, and quite subordinate; tending chiefly to make her consummate Grief the more apparent.

A Comparison may, perhaps, make this more intelligible.—When the Sky is obscured by gathering Clouds, the Sun's weak Rays pierce with Difficulty through, and gleam in scattered



scattered Streaks along the solemn Surface. The feeble Rays, unable to throw a Day around, serve but to shew the awful Gloom that hangs over us, are soon eclipsed by, and swallowed up in, the growing Night.—Even so PHÆDRA'S Escapes of Joy are in regard to her Grief; which, a Sense of her Dignity constantly replunges her into, on the least Reflection, and checks her from yielding to too violent Gusts of Passion, or idle Transports of fruitless Joy.—With what enquiring Eyes, with what a delicate and timid Tone of Voice is she to disclose her Passion to *Hippolitus* in the second Act, in dreadful Apprehension of a Repulse, which would be Death to her, as she hints in the first Act;

But shou'd the *Youth* refuse my proffer'd Love.  
O shou'd he throw me from his loathing Arms.

That as well as an Object of Terror, she may be also that of Compassion, remember her own Words to *Hippolitus*.

No, for the Love of *thee*, of those dear *Charms*,  
Which now I see are doom'd to be my *Ruin*,  
I still denied my Lord, my Husband *Theseus*,  
*The chaste, the modest Joys of spotless Marriage.*

In the third Act, what Horror ought to appear in every Fibre of *Lycon's* Face, when he comes hastily in, and declares

Horror, on Horror—*Theseus* is return'd—

His every Gesture should express Horror more than the Words.

*PHÆDRA*, a fix'd Statue of Astonishment, is calmly to say, her Spirits almost congeal'd;

*THESEUS*!

After which, a short Pause—

Then, what have I to do with Life?

This is to be spoken in a low Tone of Concession.—The Spirits now disentangled, and the Blood forcing a freer Circulation through the smaller Vessels narrowed by Grief, she is to give way to a Torrent of natural Passion—

May I be snatch'd by Winds, by Earth o'erwhelm'd, &c.

The rapturous Joy of *Hippolitus*, on seeing a Father he had wept as dead; and the paternal Warmth of *Theseus* in embracing his darling, virtuous Son, is beautiful, and moving.—The

Scene betwixt them in the fourth Act is great, when well performed.—

The Situation of *Theseus* in the fifth Act, when informed by despairing *Phædra*, of the Innocence of his *Son*, he had rashly condemned to Death, is of the true *pathetic*.

Our Reason for insisting so much on the Character of PHÆDRA is, because of her being the *Heroine*, the animating Essence, by which the Body, or Plot of the Tragedy exists, moves, and is carried on; which indifferently performed must hurt the rest, however well done.—

Let every Reader, *whose Judgment* is not *liveried* to either Theatre, make an impartial Application of these Remarks.

The CHANCES, a *Comedy*, declare open War against Modesty, Decency, and kick poor *double Entendre* out of Doors.

Bare-faced Prostitution, without a Rag of Gauze to cover, or rather soften it, is the sole Business of the Play.

Whore, Whoring, Whoremonger, and Bastard-getting are the Burthen of almost every Phrase.

It is (to use the Sportsman's Term) sheer *Cocking* throughout; no sooner is the *Game* sprung, but *mark*—and down with it.

The second (the *Game-feather'd*) CON-STANTIA with liquorish Lips must smack every bawdy



bawdy Joke to the Life, and harlot her Part to the very Top of it.

It is not so much the Fault of an Actor, or Actress, to appear in immodest Parts; or even of the *Manager*, when COMMANDED BY SUPERIOR AUTHORITY, to obtrude on the Town Plays where they are. Nevertheless, the Performers, in the Representation, ought to betray to the Audience some Escapes of Abhorrence to what they are doing; and that it is by mere Compulsion. But if, on the contrary, they seem to luxuriously riot in the rank Wantonness of such Characters, they are to be looked on as Pimps to the Stews, and devout Missionaries of Lewdness—the more exquisite the Action, the greater the Sin against the Christian Religion, or even Pagan Morality.

The *obvious, ready* CONSTANTIA, is Daughter to a trafficking, affected, whimsical, hacknied, resolute, contemptible Bawd—who for a stipulated Sum has sold her to an old Lecher: He has lain with her one Night; she robs him next Morning, and runs away. To fly from the Law, she is going to ship herself off with her virtuous *Mamma*, and *Depatriate*: But in their Way they light on a Seraglio of female Conveniency; where *Constantia* gets acquainted with the immodest *Don John*, and immediately in the blunt obscene Way, it is Hit for Hit, and Dash for Dash.—How edifying

ing is it to see their bargaining Embraces, and wanton Contortions—while

Lips cling to Lips, and Bosom Bosom meet,  
Doubtless their Hearts with virtuous Rapture  
beat :

Thro' each the kindling Titillation flies,  
Fires the lewd Soul, and blazes in their  
Eyes.

In this motley Piece, Plot or Fable there is none ; true comic Character none ; the Opening is unaccountable ; the Winding-up monstrous ; and the concluding damnable : In the critical Sense of the Word.

Besides, the preposterous Conduct, in regard to the *Child* and *Mother* in the first Act, is too absurd to be enquired into.—Extreme Infancy, or extreme Old Age, are too much the Objects of Humanity and Compassion, to serve to heighten the comic Scene. The Cries of Infancy pull too strongly at the Strings of the human Heart, to be degraded to an Excitement of Laughter.

DON JOHN frolicking about the Stage with the crying Baby, and patting it *to be quiet*, recalls to mind the terrified *Grildrig* carried off by the arch Monkey. See GULLIVER'S Travels. These are the Words in the Original ; “ holding me like a Baby in one of his  
“ Fore-

“ Fore-Raws — and patting me when I would  
 “ not — Whereat many of the Rabble could  
 “ not forbear laughing.” — But pray, courteous  
 Reader, observe, that it was a Rabble of BROB-  
 DINGNAGGIANS.

The Dialogue is so offensive to Manners,  
 and the Allusions so low, vile, and gross, there  
 is no quoting or animadverting on them, with-  
 out being guilty at second Hand.

Why should this theatric Jumble *escape* Cen-  
 sure, because *revived* BY COMMAND; which  
 would certainly be *damm'd*, if produced by a  
 living Author?

*Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed magis  
 amica Veritas.*

Every Consideration must give way to  
*Truth.*

The true Standard of *comic* Writing is, that  
 nothing be therein introduced, but what would  
 pass in a polite Circle of both Sexes; all else is  
 Ribaldry, and has given Rise to that shocking  
 Want of Decency in our Audiences, so justly  
 blamed by Foreigners, to wit, a Custom as  
 unpolite as barbarous among the Beings, called  
 Gentlemen, at every snautty Allusion to turn  
 to, and look the Ladies triumphantly out of  
 Countenance, who timidly skulk behind their



Fans.—But this is not all; professed *Debauchees* may make immodest Plays serve as *Prologues* to their vicious Ends, and model their Hopes, as they perceive the Doctrine to be more or less relished by the Lady they have an Eye on.—

No Play should be exhibited, but at which our Wives and Daughters may be present without the Necessity of a Fan; except in warm Weather.

It was against Plays of this execrable Cast, such as the *Relapse*, &c. that POPE with Spirit and Elegance inveighed; and more than probably had the CHANCES in his Eye.—

*No Pardon vile Obscenity shou'd find,  
Tho' Wit and Art conspire to move your  
Mind;*

*But Dulness with Obscenity must prove,  
As shameful, sure, as Impotence in Love.*

*In the fat Age of Pleasure, Wealth, and  
Ease,*

*Sprung the rank Weed, and thriv'd with large  
Encrease.*

*When Love was all an easy Monarch's Care,  
Seldom at Council, never in a War,*

*JILTS rul'd the State, and STATESMEN Farces  
writ;*

*Nay WITS had Pensions, and young LORDS  
had Wit.*

*The*

*The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's Play,  
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:  
 The modest Fan was lifted up no more,  
 And VIRGINS smil'd at what they blusht be-  
 fore.*

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
*These Monsters, CRITICS, with your Darts  
 engage;  
 Here point your Thunder, and exhaust your  
 Rage.*

From censuring a very bad Play, let us now turn to, and sum up the various *Anti-constituents* of an *Actor*—which are.—An indifferent, starveling, Semi-stature—a harsh, forbidding Aspect, inexpressive of Grace, Dignity, or Commotion—a native, cynic Sneer, exclusive of all tender Scenes—a displeasing Stiffness, and puppet-like Strut in the Movement of the Limbs; that is scarce any middle Motion at Elbow or Knee—*Punch's* Twirl of the Head—a Face-traversing, See-saw, unmannerly Tossing of the Hands, foreign from the Sense.—In regard to Utterance, a grating, shivered, desultory, stridulous, creaking Dissonance, which, in soft impassioned Scenes, puts us in mind of amorous Rails in a Corn-Field.—The Sum Total is shocking to the Eye, offensive to the Ear.

The *Cataracts of Cleopatra*, and *Opera-Fall of Sense*, are to be seen in the *Hay-Market*; and the *Burlettas* at *Covent-Garden*, as usual.

The original *CORIOLANUS*, as played at *Drury-Lane* Theatre, is the most mobbing, huzzaing, shewy, boasting, drumming, fighting, trumpeting Tragedy I ever saw:—As exhibited in *Covent-Garden*, it is the divine but nodding *Shakespear*, put into his Night-Gown by *Messire THOMSON*; and *hummd* to Sleep by *Don Torpedo*, infamous for the *Mezentian* Art of joining his *Dead* to the *Living*: For which he is most justly damned.

The *Roman* Mother of one House, the Gentlemen declare for; the Ladies for that of the other: And the Generality of Spectators in Behalf of the young Warrior.——

One Use this *Tara-tantara Belli* Drama may be applied to, is (that as the *London Cuckolds* are politely dismissed from the Stage) it may be annually performed, to conclude the Triumph of the *Lord-Mayor's Day*; and with more Propriety than *Tamerlane* is on the Anniversary of *KING WILLIAM*: Of which absurd Conduct the truest Censure is, the Neglect of the Public to see it.——

By



By a late Account from *Parnassus*, we learn, that Seat of Harmony, and Nursery of polite Arts, was disturbed on the sudden by an Ear-rasping Discordance, never heard before; Scouts were sent out to discover whence arose the Culprit-Sound.—They observed, at some Distance from the sacred Summit of the Hill, that, Part of the Enclosure had been broke down; and in the Breach espied the unhallowed Tracks of some Monster that had passed that Way. On looking around, they remarked the neighbouring Brake to be agitated by the Motion of some new Inhabitant. They halloo'd to it; and lo! instantaneously out rushed with clumsy Precipitance the grave Emblem, and lengthy-visaged *Prototype* of Stupidity, erected itself on its Hind-Legs, and presented a tremendous Altitude of Ears; by which, and every Part, stood a JACK-Ass confessed.—

They beckoned to it, to follow them; and, as Dullness is ever inconsiderately forward, it skipped after them, proportionally to its Unwieldiness, up to the Presence-Bower of the tuneful Deities.

APOLLO and the nine Muses smiled at the grotesque Figure; which the vain Animal mistaking for Approbation, and to return the Compliment, displayed most aukward Alacrity.—

APOLLO

APOLLO touched his Lyre, to see how it would affect the Brute; which now and then nodded Applause; but sometimes attempted to stop the God, to prove to him that he played out of Time. Some Pieces of *Polyhymnia's* Music that lay before him he grumbled over, insinuating, they had been stolen from him; and that of others he had contrived the Plan. The most excellent Pieces he seemed not to like, but to heavily plod on what might be added to them; untouched by the Beauties they were enriched with.

The Deity, in order to make farther Trial of the disagreeable Exotic, ordered the Muses to alarm him in full Choir.—At this the Monster exhibited the most ridiculous Gambols imaginable; but soon unable to contain its beastly Joy, and forgetful of the Place it was in, oped the dread Cavern of its Mouth, and brayed most immoderately.—The scared Muses dropped their Instruments, covered their Ears with their Hands, and ran shrieking away.

The God was for some time suspended betwixt Laughter and Anger, and made many Signals to still the horrid Clamour: but finding them in vain, and further provoked by obstinate Disobedience, he hurled his Lyre at the Offender's Head. The Lyre, in its Rebound from the Blow to *Apolla's* Hand, with reiterated and silver Sounds seemed to proclaim

the Triumph of Taste and Harmony, over Dulness and Discord.

The thunder-struck JACK-ASS tumbled a great Way down a Precipice, near to the Spot, he was permitted on.

The Scouts that brought him were sent down another Road, with Orders to infamously expel him from the Precincts of *Parnassus*, through the Breach; which they were to see impenetrably stopped up, to prevent any more Disturbances of that Sort.—Commanded;—obeyed.—

The ponderous, long-eared, four-footed PHAETON was scarce recovered from the Stun of his Fall, but (as all his Kindred do in like Situations) attributed his Disgrace to APOLLO's Jealousy; and determined to revenge the Insult he had received, by establishing a new Empire in the despised Wastes (without the Enclosure) at the Bottom of the Hill: And that his whole Study should be to intercept, or misguide all those, whose Genius might inspire them to rise to its Top.—

The new mock-Monarch's Manner of living is very irregular; he is always discontented, ever changing his Walks; seems to have no fixed Determination to steer his Conduct by.—

As to his Feeding—He eats promiscuously, without Choice or Preference, of every Bramble or Flower, &c. that he meets; and so much, and so hastily, that he seldom, or never,  
E digests;



digests; but on the first Comer abruptly dis-embogues it all, with scarce any other Alteration, than that of a green-tinctured Virulence.—

He is troubled with frequent Swellings in the Forehead, which, to be delivered of, he rubs them against a knotted Oak; till out oozes a black Matter that trickles in inky Lines down his rueful Cheeks, and Snout: A Sight of ridiculous Solemnity to all Beholders.—The most friendly Action can be done to him, is to wipe them off, and not leave a Trace behind.

Any Person he descries designing to attempt *Parnassus's* Summit, and abandoned by *Minerva*; by pawing Congees, and all nasty Flattering in a false Shew of Friendship, he labours to delude; boasts that he alone possesses the Secrets of all Arts: Misleads the unwary, and from that Moment, lost Believers through rugged Roads, thorny Paths, dark Thickets, and filthy Lakes.—The last Period of the Seduced's Misfortune, and Infamy, is, when they unnaturally conjoin:—It is doom'd by Fate, but they in Thought engender *Mules*. For however ingenious the Betrayed might have originally been; in their joint Productions the Ass will always predominate.

So much on an Ass; I wave any more, lest a Smart should cry out, *Asinus Asinum fricat*, and thus construe it—, it is one Ass tickling another.

other.——What various Applications will be made of this surprizing History! and at which we shall laugh most heartily.

I am,

S I R,

London, Dec<sup>r</sup>.

1754.

Your, &c.

## POSTSCRIPT.

**T**HIS *Postscript* I think myself obliged to write, in order to prevent the growing scandalous Custom of some Persons (in Gentlemen's Cloaths) coming drunk into our public Meetings; and of which we had a late most indecent Instance at one of the Theatres.

This Crime against Society is as irksome to Men of Sense conversant with genteel Life (which these Out-lawed from Manners have so

widely mistaken) as detestable to the Eyes, and sometimes to the Ears of the Fair-Sex. — It is, moreover, prejudicial to a *People's* Reputation, in regard to *Foreigners*; for from whence, by them, are the Epithets quarrelsome, unmannerly, obscene, &c. looked on as the distinguishing Characteristics of the greatest Part of these *Nations*; but from those Pretenders to, and Vilifiers of the prostituted Name of Honour; when Wine intoxicates them with turbulent Spirits, to make themselves *ridiculous*.

Is it not from People who appear in public (I mean those who attend Places of public Diversion, and are called *the Town*) that Nations must inherit Fame or Infamy, according to the good or bad Behaviour there?

I have, on the Occasion of this Postscript, seen, at the disturbed Play-House, every one's Attention called off from the Business of the Stage, and engrossed (with various Sensations indeed) for a considerable Time, by (to charitably treat them) a few *Fools* or *Madmen*, who thought they had *Humour* enough to entertain, or *Wine-given Courage* to terrify the rest of the Company.

I wish some of their Friends would apply to them, by way of Instruction, the *Spartan Custom*; which was to introduce their Slaves, when in the Height of *Drunkennes* (a *Drudgery* many of our Servants, though *free-born*, will readily undergo) to their Children; that the shocking



shocking Spectacle might deter the thus cautioned, from being ever guilty of such beastly Excess; and through Fear of becoming the like Objects of Contempt and Abhorrence.

*The Spartans, when they strove to express the Loathsomeness*

*Of Drunkenness to their CHILDREN, brought a Slave,*

*Some captive Helot overcharged with Wine, Reeling in thus——His Eyes spot out with staring,*

*A Fire in his Nose, a burning Redness, Blazing in either Cheek, his Hair upright, His TONGUE and SENSES fault'ring, and his Stomach*

*O'erburden'd, ready to discharge her Load. In each Man's Face he met,—This made them see,*

*And hate that Sin of Swine, and not of MEN.*

RANDOLPH.

There is a *Dignity* annexed to all *public Assemblies*, which every Individual is obliged to pay Homage to; and the same good Manners ought to be shewn, as in a private Company with those whom we respect: Nay indeed more, as the *Public* is above any *Particulars*, and claims a Reverence equal with that due to *Sovereignty*.

A mutual Politeness to, and a reciprocal Study to oblige each the other, speak Members of a civilized Community.—Rudeness and Obscenity proclaim the Reverse; the Professors of which are known by the following Criterions.—

They are remarkably ridiculous in their Dress, come more frequently to the Green Boxes, really, or affectedly drunk; strut it on the upper Seat; and cast a Look of Defiance on all below them.—Their first Care is to spy out any of those unhappy Creatures liable to their Addresses. Down they thunder their hasty Visit; to go easily, or gently, would not (in their Sense) be Gentleman-like.—I have often perceived the unfortunate Wretches, self-condemned to be exposed to their Impertinence, in pain for their Behaviour. Another Proceeding of theirs is to halloo to each other, to the Annoyance of the Company present.—If any Person, in behalf of Humanity and Good-Manners, look at one of those Sons of Terror—He retorts a Look, as if he would annihilate him.—Now,—see them scout from one Box to another, like so many Rats with meagre Bodies, and long Tails; and are a no less frightful Object to the virtuous Part of the Fair-Sex: To sit by whom, is a favourite Diversion, in order to offend the chaste Ears of suffering Modesty, by pouring out all that Obscenity can furnish their infamous Tongues with.—By-  
 † and-

and-by, a Scuffle arises among them;—'tis  
 “damn me”—“Blood”—“Satisfaction.”—  
 Away they drive, or are driven by the Door-  
 keepers and Guard, in as impetuous a manner  
 as they rushed in, and *to—not fight*: For the  
 cool Air without Doors commonly reconciles  
 the Parties.—They rally to another Part; new  
 Disturbance, new Expulsion.—While in the  
 House, if the Play is going on, they are sure to  
 make a Noise; and be quiet while the Music  
 plays.—They are riotous together, but very  
 Lambs when separate; have long Swords, but  
 shrivel'd Arms; Souls without Feeling, Hearts  
 without Courage, Heads without Brains; and  
 are oft meer walking Cadavers, exhausted of  
 Strength by all kinds of Debauchery.

There is but a general View of such Offenders  
 given here, in hopes, that struck with the Hor-  
 rors thereof, they may amend; if not, how-  
 ever unpleasing the Task, a Delineation of  
 particular Features will be exhibited;—for it  
 is better, sure, that a few unmannered Brutes  
 be exposed, than that all Decorum be over-  
 turned; or that any new Attempts to violate it,  
 should be let to pass with Impunity.

*The E N D.*



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